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THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."—JESUS CHRIST.

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POLYGAMISTS AND PURITANS.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* has unearthed a bill by James M. Ashley, of Ohio, Chairman of the House Committee on Territories, which proposes to extend the boundaries of the States and Territories which surround Utah, so as to absorb Utah and wipe out the 100,000 Mormons as a distinctive community. Against this proceeding the *Gazette* protests. It is shown that for twenty-three years the Mormons have made their own laws; have created their own civilization; have made a wilderness generally unattractive to American emigrants to blossom as the rose; have built up and bound together a people numbering to-day more than the population of any of the surrounding Territories, and larger than most of the adjacent States; while by all accounts the moral state of the Mormon community is in all respects, excepting one, far above that of any of the States or Territories which, if Mr. Ashley has his way, are each to take a bite out of Utah, swallowing both Territory and people.

This one exception is the prevalence of polygamy, the morality or immorality of which is clearly constructive, since its existence in Utah is shown to be no violation of human law, and its existence anywhere is not in opposition to divine law. Indeed, with the Mormons polygamy is religion; they found their social relations upon the divine law which at least permitted it, as no reader of the Scriptures pretends to deny; and they claim that their withdrawal to the far West to found a community of their own was precisely from the same motive which induced the Pilgrims to land upon Plymouth Rock—to wit.: that they might enjoy their own religious convictions in their own way, and without persecution or molestation. History will certainly draw a parallel between the Polygamists and the Puritans, and credit the Polygamists with minding their own business. The persecuted have not become the persecutors. What the Plymouth Colony Pilgrims did to Roger Williams, the Utah Polygamists have not done to any of their own community or to their neighbors. That they have made themselves a strong, respectable, and prosperous people, is evidence in their favor that their peculiar views respecting domestic relations are not necessarily opposed to social success and to the highest degree of individual and general morality. When a new class of Communists, with peculiar notions with regard to sexual intercourse, settled at Oneida in this State, there was the same desire to persecute on the part of their neighbors that Radicalism proposes now against the Mormons; but when these neighbors saw that the Communists were people of integrity, of thrift, and, above all, that they were prosperous, they did not hesitate to permit their own sons and daughters to work for and associate with these people. If the new raid against Mormonismis purely upon

moral grounds, and if the Mormons are to be obliterated because they are "wicked," they may well retort by offsetting their polygamy against the fœticism so alarmingly prevalent in New England, and show that their efforts to increase population are possibly quite as moral as the general endeavor in some States to limit it. A comparison between the plurality of wives in one section, and the prevalence of prostitutes in other sections, the readiness with which people may marry there and the forced celibacy here, might present contrasts calling for no more legislation in the one case than in the other.

Which brings us to the main point of the whole matter, which is clearly this: that government, especially what constitutes or calls itself government now-a-days, is not called upon to run the moral machine of the country. Mere morals are matters beyond legislation. We have seen to what pass the party which claimed pre-eminently to be founded upon "moral ideas" has brought the country. We see the kind of men whom this party persists in forcing into prominence. Corruption is no longer a crime, but is the very means by which the leaders in the moral party are advanced in position. Robbery is the rule and integrity the exception. Nearly all the rascalities of Radicalism in the last eight years have been effected under the cover of these "moral ideas." The country is sick of this cant. As for the morality or immorality of Mormonism, it is pretty certain that any Radical raid against polygamy is only a cover for some fresh Radical rascality in another direction. Radicalism would do well to let the morals of the country—and even of the Mormons—alone.—*New York World.*

DELIVERED OUT OF THE PIT.—A SURVIVOR'S NARRATIVE.

The following narrative of the experiences of Zachary Pearson, one of the men rescued from the Brierly-hill Colliery, after an imprisonment of nearly 140 hours, is given by Mr. James Greenwood, the "amateur casual" of the *Morning Star*. Zachary is described as a well-looking, intelligent man of 50, his forehead looking all the broader for the starved thinness of his cheeks and the pinching of his nose, and his story is as follows:—

"We went down on Tuesday night, and worked till between four and five. There were George Skidmore and John Handley and Thomas Hunt and the boy Timmins and my son Joseph, as you see lying here, and myself. We were working a long way from the bottom of the shaft. I had finished my job, but some of the others hadn't. Ben Higgs hadn't, but he said he should knock off, he was so cold. He said he would go forward and warm his feet at the fire at the bottom, and wait till we came. But he hadn't been gone long before he came running back, crying out, 'For God's sake, make haste and save yourselves; we shall all be drowned.' We all struck work, and made towards the bottom; but we could not get nigh it by a long way. Although we hadn't heard it, the water must have been pouring in a long time, for already there were thousands of tons of it rushing and rolling like thunder.

"At first I thought it was the canal broke in, and as I knew the mine so well, and the power of our pumping engine, I was not much afraid, thinking that the worst would soon be over; but when I found the water gaining so tremendously, I knew that it must be something worse than the canal; and there we were, with like a river between us and the shaft-bottom, shut in.

"This was about a quarter to five in the morning, and we got together and waited and waited, knowing that those at top would do the best they could for us. We had lights, but as the hours passed the 'deadly carbon' gathered about us, and they burnt dim. Ben Higgs had a watch. Come the night, our lights went out, and we were in the black dark, but we still

kept counting the time by feeling the hands of Ben's watch.

"George Skidmore took matters amazingly cool. He is a roughish kind of chap is George, a bit of a fighter, and takes to dogs and that kind of sport, but he keeps his old mother, and is a good chap to her. Well, when George Skidmore found how bad things were, he wasn't for hurrying here and there, and thinking of this plan and that, as we were. He didn't trouble a bit. 'If I'm going to be drowned, I may as well die easy,' said he, and laid down and went to sleep. He slept all day long, just as though he was at home and in bed. Come night, however, he roused himself a bit, and said he would have a swim for it, and stripped himself for that purpose, but we begged him not to do it, for the water was stinking like sewer water, with a thick poison scum on it, and after a bit he put his clothes on again. This night the boys got hungry, and George Skidmore having a little bread and pork left from his supper, he gave it to them and went without himself. Late on Wednesday the water got to its highest, and we could hear every stroke of the pump as it sucked it up a drop at a time.

"It was very bad water. We were so thirsty that we drank some of it, and shortly after were all so ill that we dare not drink any more. George Skidmore laid down to sleep again after we persuaded him off having a swim for it. He laid down in his place. That was the reason that he kept so well, and was able to make such a fine show of being the stoutest lad amongst us when he was drawn up to bank. I don't say as we did any good, worrying about and finding out, by breathing it, where the air was good and where 'twas bad, but somehow we could'nt lay like dumb dogs, as though living and dying were as one to us. Besides, all of us 'cept Skidmore had a family. I have got six young 'uns. Ben Higgs, poor lad, has nine. Skidmore had nobody but himself to think about; but I must give him his due. There was the little lad Timmins, rayther younger than my Joseph, and smaller. Skidmore took care of him. He cuddled him up to him as he lay and kept him warm.

"It was hard work to get air to breathe. In our wandering about we found that the damp was gathering and gathering, and was like to fill the mine shortly. It was worse in places. Where we were was about 250 yards from the shaft bottom, but the water was spread irregular, and we might have got to the edge of a part of it that wasn't more than half the distance from where the pump was sending the good air down, if we durst face the awful blast of damp that crossed a way to it. No living thing could breathe it for a minute. It blew as strong as a north wind coming past the corner of a wall, and we were the weather side of the wall, in a manner of speaking. We tried over and over again to pass by the choking blast, but we were always beat back.

"The best we could do towards breathing was to lay at the edge of the water and catch the air that came with the ripple the pump caused. But it was awful air off that foul water. I think we should never have found courage to drink it could we have seen it; but we couldn't see it. We couldn't see the least shape of each other, though not a foot apart. We had to *feel* how the water sank. We laid lumps of coal at the edge of it, and then we timed it by feeling the hands of Ben's watch, and measured how much it had sunk with our hands. At first, once or twice, we found that the water crept over our marks and covered them. That took the heart right out of us.

"It was bitter cold. We had to follow the sinking water, and to crowd in the wet muck it left, huddling altogether to keep a little warmth in us. Joseph I held between my knees greater part of the time. He never once complained. Well, yes, I was in one way glad to have him with me, but with all my heart I wished he was at home with his mother. I knew the hearty lad he was, and how he must feel the hunger, but he never owned to it. He didn't seem to feel anything as bad as we did. He would creep away and try and find a drop of water we could drink in some puddle or other in the workings. He would

do it, and didn't fear the damp at all. 'It doesn't matter so much about me, father,' he said, 'I'm only a boy; it's *you* I'm thinking about.'"

And as old Zachary said this his hungry grey eyes filled with tears and brimmed over, on which Joe by his side, observing them, colored up to his hair, and for an instant regarded me quite resentfully.

"We dare not go to sleep," continued the sturdy old miner, "all together, that is; so we kept watch one at a time to measure the fall of water and to look after the damp, while the others lay on each other and tried to sleep. I declare that I was never hungry from first to last, and I never heard one of the others say he was. My Joe didn't say it either, though he was such a hearty lad I knew that he must be. Come towards the last, Joe cut out the leather tongue of his boot and bit that up."

You never would have thought, to look at him, so serene and cosy as his mother had tucked him in, that Joseph a few hours ago had been a famished boy buried in the pestiferous depths of the earth, munching shoe leather.

"Did you get any good out of the shoe tongue, Joe?" I asked him.

"It made my tongue a bit moist, sir," replied Joe. "It was more good than chewing coal, like some of 'em did."

"Well, sir," continued Zachary, "there we were, counting the hours and following the sinking water an inch at a time, as you may say, with nothing else to do 'cept walk about a bit, and sometimes talk and pray to God to deliver us, or to take charge of our families if it wasn't to be. This lasted till Sunday morning, and then poor Ben Higgs began to lose his head. Sometimes we could hardly keep him with us, his being 'touched' giving him a sort of strength, and he wanted to 'be off.' He'd have been choked if he had gone, no doubt. He had the watch. We didn't care much about time when it got to be Sunday, and we were all so far gone; but, as I said to Ben, 'Let us keep it going for their sakes, Ben, so that should we die and they find us while it is going, they may know how long we held out.'

"If Ben had gone we should have lost the watch as well. He wandered very strange, and begged of Joseph and threatened him if he didn't go and ask somebody to give him a lucifer to light his pipe with.

"We couldn't walk about now; we could hardly stand, and could only just crawl and follow the water that all the time had been sinking, but so slow, as it seemed to us. We knew that nothing would be done for us from above until it was sunk a long way below the roof at the pit mouth, and it seemed as though this never would be. Once my lad said, 'Hark, father,' but whether he did hear a voice, or only fancied it, I can't say. That must have been late on Sunday night.

"We were all for giving up by that time; it seemed as though we must die, and we talked of it as though we must. Poor Ben was light-headed, and had his senses in turns, as one may say, and was not so troublesome now, he was so weak.

"Then, quite of a sudden, and all unexpected, although we had expected it so long, we all heard a shout—quite a loud and near shout it seemed, we were so still—and we shouted back, 'All alive!'

"Now was the time to make for that nigher bit of water I told you about, and which the blast of choke-damp had all along kept us from. How we found the sudden strength to try it the Lord only knows; but we did try it, and did it—all except poor Ben, who was too far gone, although he tried it, and begged us to leave him to die.

"Then, when we got to the second patch of water, we could see something moving on it a long way off, and a twinkling light. This was the little raft on which the rescuers were floating. They paddled towards us with their hands, and the air was still so stifling that their lights went out. But they came on, and, when they got into the shallow where the raft would not float, they jumped into the water and waded to where we were, and carried us with them and up the pit to heaven's blessed free air once more."

Prayer is a virtue that prevaileth against all temptations.—Bernard.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S CABINET.

The Cabinet of President Grant, as originally constituted, appears to have excited much adverse criticism amongst the leaders of the party to whom the new President is indebted for his election. The Washington correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, writing on March 12, remarks—To say that this Cabinet created disgust, melancholy, and consternation among the Republican members of Congress, is to put the matter very mildly indeed. Mr. Creswell was the only appointment that seemed like a recognition of the politicians. Governor Cox was too moderate and Conservative to suit the Ohio Radicals; General Schofield was a West Pointer and a moderate Republican; Mr. Hoar, a jurist rather than a politician; Mr. Borie, a merchant and a nobody, so they said; but the most distasteful selections were those for the State and Treasury Departments. Mr. Washburne, though a strong party man, had been very fractious and independent; he had fought the jobs all through, and members generally rejoiced at the idea that 3000 miles of salt water were to be placed between them and his somewhat arrogant and dogmatic virtue. For his health they had all on a sudden the most tender consideration, and his great length of public service deserved at least a mission. What was their horror to learn that he was to be Secretary of State—at Grant's elbow all the time? This fact caused great profanity; but it was nothing to the President's taking Mr. Stewart, a free-trader and original Democrat, to be his Secretary of the Treasury. This was striking at the very vitals of the party; and when it was discovered that the old law of 1789 stood in the way of his acceptance, it was remarkable how zealous these gentry became for the observance of the ancient landmarks. Mr. Stewart behaved splendidly. He generously offered to assign over all the profits of his vast business for four years—a sum probably equal to ten millions of dollars—to be devoted to charity. But the opposition of the monopolists and protectionists in Congress was too formidable for him, and finally Mr. Stewart had to give way. His letter of resignation was placed in General Grant's hands on Tuesday, and would have been there sooner had not the President been loth to surrender his cherished plan. The letter of Mr. Stewart appeared on Wednesday morning, and is very creditable to him indeed. He states that his object in originally accepting the office was "to restore economy, honesty, and strict frugality in the Administration, and to lift as rapidly as practicable from the people the great burdens of taxation, debt, and extravagance resting upon them."

Yesterday, while I was in the Senate gallery, the President's secretary brought up a score of nominations for important places, and in a minute or two more it leaked out who they were. They involved a very considerable change in the Cabinet. Mr. Washburne had already resigned his portfolio as Secretary of State, finding the labors more than his health could stand, and in his place had been nominated Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New York. For the Treasury there was Hon. George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, a member of the present House of Representatives; and for the War Department, which General Schofield had just resigned, the President nominated General John A. Rawlings, his former chief of staff. Mr. Washburne was nominated as minister at Paris, *vice* General Dix. These four prominent nominations were instantly confirmed. As there is no probability of any further change in these departments, I will give you some brief account of the new appointees.

General Rawlings was born in Galena, Illinois, and is only 38 years of age. His profession is that of a lawyer. At the outbreak of the war he aided General Grant in raising troops, and in the summer of 1861 was appointed to a place on his staff. Here he established a hold on Grant's confidence, and since then their intimacy has been of the closest character. I think that he and Mr. Washburne have been General Grant's principal

counselors on political questions. The new secretary is considered by his friends to possess abilities much above the common order. He is a quiet, unassuming gentleman, of somewhat small stature, and a complexion which is far from indicating vigorous health.

Mr. Boutwell is a Massachusetts man, and has been prominent there for a number of years, beginning life, however, in mercantile pursuits, and coming late to the bar. He has served as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, as Governor of that State, United States commissioner of internal revenue from July 1862, to March 1863, and since then has been in Congress as a member of the House of Representatives, where he has been very conspicuous and influential. He took a very active part in the impeachment trial, and was a manager; and he has also had a great deal to do with reconstruction matters. He is a very zealous, laborious, earnest, and intense man—an extreme partisan, and going all lengths, but withal gentlemanly and courteous both in his personal bearing and on the floor of the house. Add to the fire and passion the Radicalism of the Puritan, the refinement and culture of a man of the world, an intense ambition, and an iron will, and you have George Boutwell. His sincerity, no less than his industry, makes him formidable to both friend and foe. I wish I could set him down as friendly to a liberal commercial policy, but his late affiliations warrant no such expectation. This is a very acceptable appointment, in the main, to members of Congress.

In appointing the Hon. Hamilton Fish, the President has not picked a man from the politicians, or seemingly tried to please them, and the ultras rather accept than rejoice over the selection. But it is a very judicious choice, nevertheless. Mr. Fish is a very well known politician of the old-line Whig school. He served formerly in Congress as United States senator from New York, and was at one time Governor of that State. In both capacities he commanded the highest respect for his conservative and moderate views, as also for his personal character. Latterly he has not been conspicuous in American politics, but the public have a pretty clear idea of his *status*. What led General Grant to select him was, I suspect, their being trustees together for the fund Mr. Peabody created for Southern education. I have a strong impression that, so far as Mr. Fish's influence can be exerted, it will be devoted to the great end of peace with foreign nations. If he controls the State Department, I look for no war, no discords, no trouble. But I cannot vouch for his being able to control and overcome other adverse influences; and I have knowledge of the fact that in diplomatic circles the expressions of the President's inaugural are regarded as aught but pacific.

Such is the new Cabinet, and, on the whole, the Republicans are beginning to be satisfied with it. I think Judge Hoar will quit the Attorney-General's post ere long for some other place, and who will be chosen in his stead neither I nor any one else can now predict.

SKETCHES FROM THE MODERN HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

(*Jewish Chronicle.*)

About this period the Caliph of Bagdad unwisely persecuted the Jews; and many of those who resided in Babylon fled from their native land towards the more friendly climes of the west. It is recorded that three eminent Rabbis were taken captive at sea by a Spanish pirate, who was ignorant of their character and quality, and sold as slaves in the market of Cordova. One of these, Rabbi Moses, together with his son, were ransomed and set free by a Jew of that city, who was also in ignorance of the rank of the strangers. Both were poor and destitute, having been robbed of all their wealth by their captor. The elder Rabbi soon afterwards entered

the chief synagogue of Cordova clad in the mean attire which suited his destitute situation; but in the discussion which ensued he exhibited such profound and varied learning that the congregation were astonished, and Rabbai Nathan, who presided over the whole Jewish community, declared that the stranger was his superior, and that he would immediately abdicate his office in his favor. Moses was afterwards chosen Chief Rabbi of the Cordovan Jews; and he subsequently became the founder of one of the most celebrated schools of Rabbinical learning which had ever existed.

About this period the Jewish seminary of Cordova attained its supremacy, and various other schools were established by the Rabbis at Granada, Toledo, and other cities within the domains of the Moors. The Talmud was translated into Arabic under the direction of the famous Rabbi Joseph ben Schatnes, who was a pupil of Rabbi Moses, and the rival of Rabbi Enoch, the son and successor of Moses. The grandson of Moses, named Nathan, was so much esteemed for his learning by the Cordovan community in general, that when he went forth from the gates of the city to enjoy the relaxation and rural pleasures which were afforded by the luxurious gardens and sumptuous retreats which surrounded it, his disciples and friends escorted him in great numbers; and as many as seven hundred chariots are said to have constituted his imposing retinue.

An important feature of the golden era of the Jews, was the production of several men of great learning and eminence, of whom the chief was the illustrious Rabbi Moses Maimonides. His name was more accurately called Moses been Maimon; and he was born at Cordova about the year 1140, while that city was under the dominion of the Emperor of Morocco. His paternal ancestors, during several generations, had been eminent Jewish Rabbis and Judges, and his father himself held both of those offices with distinction at the time of his birth. The mother of Maimonides expired in childbed; and his father treated him during his youth, perhaps in consequence of that fact, with improper severity. Soon afterwards, however, his father married again; and the arts of the second wife gradually prejudiced the mind of his parent against the offspring of the first. He was eventually treated with such partiality and unfairness that he deserted his home, and fled for protection to a neighboring Jew, whom he knew in Cordova.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear.

A FOREST AT NIGHT.—Darkness makes the brain giddy. Man needs light. Whoever plunges into the opposite of day, his heart is chilled. When the eye sees blackness, the mind sees trouble. In an eclipse, in night, in the sooty darkness, there is anxiety even to the strongest. Nobody walks alone at night in the forest without trembling. Darkness and trees, two formidable depths—a reality of chimeras—appear in the indistinct distance. The inconceivable outlines itself a few steps from you with a spectral clearness. You see, floating in space or in your brain, something strangely vague and unsizable as the dreams of sleeping flowers. There are fierce phantoms in the horizon. You breathe in the odors of the great black void. You are afraid and are tempted to look behind you. The hollowness of night, the haggardness of all things, the silent profiles that fade away as you advance, the obscure dishevelments, angry clumps, livid pools, the gloom reflected in the funereal—the sepulchral—immensity of silence, the possible unknown beings, the swaying of mysterious branches, the frightful twisting of the trees, long spires of shivering grass—against all this you have no defence. There is no bravery which does not shudder and feel the nearness of anguish. You feel something hideous, as if the soul were amalgamating with shadow. This penetration of the darkness is inexpressibly dismal for a child.—VICTOR HUGO.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

INGRATITUDE.

To be ungrateful to God is a very serious matter; to fail to appreciate His counsels and blessings, to be unmindful of His providences, and to neglect to serve Him or keep His commandments, is of so great moment that it should occupy our most serious meditation. It not only is necessary for our present happiness and well being, but involves the great future when every one will be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body. We are dependent upon Him for the health and life that we enjoy. It is under His kind providences that we have labor by which we can provide food and raiment, our present comforts. He has permitted us to dwell upon the earth when the fullness of the everlasting Gospel is restored, with all its gifts and blessings. He is the source of all life, light and wisdom, and hath promised His children, if they will not be ungrateful for so many blessings received, but reciprocate His kindness and strive to do His will upon the earth as they do in heaven, that they shall inherit eternal lives and sit down with Him upon His throne, possessing a fullness of happiness, immortality and glory. Experience teaches that the glory of this world enjoyed to its fullness soon passes by, and that there is little or no unalloyed happiness. Therefore, if we fail to acknowledge the hand of God in our present probation; if, for so many benefits received, we prove ungrateful; or, under the allurements of sin and its unsatisfying excitements, we suffer ourselves to be led away, to neglect the many loving-kindnesses received from our benificent Creator, what fearful anguish we will suffer in the contemplation of so many neglected opportunities, and of our base ingratitude to Him who should receive our unbounded love, obedience and confidence. All that we are required to do is for our own individual benefit. There is no required compliance with any Gospel commandment but what is in the plan of eternal lives. It is the design of our heavenly Father to exalt us in His presence; and He, in His loving-kindness, pleads with us through His holy Spirit not to be so unwise as to neglect His holy counsels; not to be ungrateful for the inconceivable blessings and gift of eternal lives that He is desirous to confer upon His children, whom He loves far beyond our conception.

When we receive a kindness from a friend, we should be careful to not let slip an opportunity to assure him that his kindness is both appreciated and reciprocated, for such a course is so conducive to confidence. If, when we are in misfortune, we borrow means from our friends and neglect to return the favor as soon as possible, we commit wrong, injuring both ourselves and friends. Gratitude would prompt us, as soon as we had recovered from our difficulties, to make a suitable return for benefits received. The liberal hearted man, who is ever willing to aid misfortune, certainly deserves a better return than ingratitude for his kind hearted sympathy; and he who imposes upon

his kindly fellow feeling is more or less an enemy to all honest men, as such conduct is apt to be productive of so destroying his confidence in men as to cause him to cease his liberality and become deaf to the voice of misfortune. One feature of our probation upon this earth is the opportunity we have of demonstrating our principles, and of proving our gratitude or ingratitude, upon the same principle that we are proved in all things by our works. This is the test by which we can understand ourselves, and can determine how far we fail to appreciate the loving-kindness of our heavenly Father. He has given us laws and commandments, in fulfilling which we prove that we are not ungrateful. In our reflections we learn that all His commandments are for the happiness of His children, teaching them how to triumph over death, hell and the grave, and to obtain the keys of knowledge by which they may be restored to His presence. This is within the reach of all who will accept of it, for blessings are all conditional, as it is written that Jesus Christ became the "author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." Therefore it is the duty of all to manifest their gratitude to God by faithfully keeping all His commandments, and rendering unto Him the love that He manifests so plainly to all. And when we are the recipients of favors from our fellows, never neglect to repay those favors, that when others are in need they may share the temporary assistance that has been of so much benefit to ourselves.

In the world the numerous cases of ingratitude are a source of regret to all honorable men. Seneca wrote: "As there are no laws extant against ingratitude, so it is utterly impossible to contrive any that in all circumstances shall reach it. If it were actionable, there would not be courts enough in the whole world to try the causes in." But, as there is a new order of things again being ushered into the world, the Saints should be very careful and strict in their gratitude, for, if through them righteousness is to cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep, this can only be produced by a steady warfare against false principles, and a practical demonstration of true ones. By proving grateful to our heavenly Father for the great benefits received, by keeping His commandments and doing His will, we demonstrate our gratitude; and by a careful appreciation by return of favors, we manifest a gratitude to our fellow man, and so far add our mite to the consummation of that happy period foretold by the Prophets. Then will confidence be restored, and in every clime a man will meet a brother and a friend. But, as all great reforms are of slow growth and only accomplished by unity of action, let the Saints carefully ponder and meditate upon this holy principle, and strive to practice it at all times, and they will realize that the Lord does not require anything at their hands but what they can accomplish, and what has been accomplished by all who have set their hearts upon righteousness, and have indeed been grateful for the many mercies and blessings that God has bestowed upon them. Happy the man who can discern the providences of God, and is truly grateful for all blessings he receives, for he will grow and increase in every good and perfect gift, until his soul is satisfied and his love of God perfected.

G. T.

NOTICE.—Pres. Brigham Young's draft No. 696, Jan. 20, 1866, in favor of Robert McVicar of Glasgow, payable "When ready to emigrate," has been cancelled by John McVicar. Mr. Robert McVicar, or whoever is in possession of said draft, is hereby requested to return it to 42, Islington, Liverpool.

THE HYMN BOOK, without alterations from the last edition, is promised to be soon in the hands of the bookbinder, when orders for all desired styles of binding can be filled.

SCANDINAVIA.—Pres. Jesse N. Smith writes that they are baptizing slowly, but steadily; and that not a great many will be able to emigrate this season, without assistance.

HOLLAND.—Pres. M. Holling states that baptisms and the faith and good works of the Saints are increasing in his field, and he is rejoicing in the blessings attending his labors.

SWISS AND GERMAN MISSION.—Elder Heber Young, writing from Zurich, March 23, states that their numbers continue to increase, and the older members are awakening to greater diligence. He rejoices in his mission, and makes favorable mention of the zeal and energy of Pres. Maeser and the rest of the Elders from Utah, whose health, as also that of the Saints generally, is good.

SORROWFUL.—Elder William H. Miles, 117, John Street, New York, writes under date March 18, that George Arnold, rendered delirious through sickness, jumped overboard from the James Foster, jr., and was lost. Also that William Knighton, a passenger in the same vessel, died at Ward's Island hospital, near New York, March 17. Br. Miles states that br. Knighton died in full faith in the Gospel, expressing a willingness to depart. His last moments were cheered by a letter just to hand from his wife. Br's Arnold and Knighton are said to have gone from Durham, but from what port or when they shipped is not mentioned. By reading an article in this STAR, headed "James Foster, jr.," it will be seen that the abuse and sufferings in that sailing vessel were frightful. We rejoice that the Saints are to emigrate in steamships, which is also deemed much the wisest course for those who are going only one or a few at a time to New York, to more readily raise means to enable their families or relatives to emigrate, as was the case with br's Arnold and Knighton. The difference in the price of passage is much more than compensated by the difference in time, better fare, better treatment and greater safety on board the steamships.

CORRESPONDENCE

AMERICA.

Salt Lake City, Feb. 17, 1869.

Pres. A. Carrington.

Dear Brother,—By reading your last letter to the President I learn that you are enjoying your mission. I was sorry I did not get to see you when we passed each other in the coaches a short distance east of Bear River, you on your outward and I on my homeward journey. I can assure you I was pleased to get home, as you will be when you have been absent for three years. But time flies rapidly, especially when we are in the faithful discharge of duty.

Evening before last I was at the President's office at a meeting of the Co-operative Board. The President felt well, and co-operation took a fresh start. People are united by uniting their interest, hence co-operation is a theme, a text, now, but soon to become a living fact through all Zion.

The railroad is progressing rapidly, and the weather, which is beautiful and spring like, favors the grand enterprise. It is expected that the Iron Horse will blow his whistle in triumph in Ogden within twenty days. Everything in this city is quiet that needs to be, but business generally is brisk. The weather being favorable to the prosecution of work on the railroad has prevented a gathering of rowdyism, and, thank God, we have been spared that affliction.

The Utah Legislature will close its session on the 19th inst., then comes the session of the Deseret Legislature.

There is considerable sickness here at present; scarlet fever is carrying off quite a number of children. I am thankful that my family are all well; so are yours, as far as I know.

With kind love to all the Saints, to whom I wish to be remembered, to the brethren laboring with you in the Office, also to Mr. Davies, whom I should much like to see out here, and to yourself, and may God bless you with every blessing requisite to carry on His great work over which you are called to preside. Your brother, &c.,

A. MINER.

MINUTES OF A CONFERENCE

HELD IN THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NOTTINGHAM, MARCH 21, 1869.

10.30 a.m.

Present on the Stand: Albert Carrington, Pres. of the European Mission; L. W. Shurtliff, Pres. Nottingham Conference; P. D. Lyman, Pres. London Conference; R. E. Egan, Pres. Birmingham Conference; A. E. Hyde, Pres. Leeds Conference; J. S. Richards, Pres. Bedfordshire Conference; W. H. Homer, Pres. Leicestershire Conference; James Sharp, Pres. Edinburgh Conference; F. H. Hyde, Pres. Sheffield Conference; E. L. Butterfield, Pres. Warwickshire Conference; J. M. Ferrin, P. Nebeker, J. Glossop, M. F. Farnsworth, O. B. Shaw, H. B. Clemons, Travelling Elders, and Joseph Morley, Branch President.

Pres. Shurtliff reported the Conference in a prosperous condition, and read a satisfactory financial report for the half year ending Dec. 31, 1868, also a half yearly statistical report ending at same date, as follows: Branches, 15; Seventies, 2; Elders, 49; Priests, 14; Teachers, 15; Deacons, 9. Received, 1; removed, 1; excommunicated, 14; dead, 1; emigrated, 10; baptized, 10; total, 524. He next represented the Authorities of the Church, who were unanimously sustained.

Pres. Richards said he was acquainted with most of the Saints of the Nottingham Conference, and knew them to be a good people. He bore his testimony to the truth of the great Latter-day work, and exhorted the Saints to faithfulness therein.

Pres. Butterfield said he had demonstrated the truth of the Gospel, and knew it to be the power of God unto salvation. Exhorted the Saints to be obedient, for it is through obedience to the revelations of God that we expect exaltation in His kingdom.

Elder Ferrin said he had not been induced by the love of wealth, fame, or honor to leave his home and its endearments and come to a strange land, but a knowledge of the will of God concerning him had caused him to do so.

Pres. Homer said he could testify to the truth of what had been said by his brethren concerning the great work of the last days. Many wish they had lived in the days of the Savior, that they might have participated in the blessings he promised to all who would obey Him, not realizing that the same Gospel, with all its miraculous gifts and blessings, has been restored in this our day.

2 p.m.

Pres. Egan said he had rejoiced in the Gospel ever since becoming acquainted with it. Previous to his coming on this mission he thought it required much learning to preach the

Gospel, but now he was satisfied that, when in the possession of the Spirit of the Almighty, it was an easy matter to proclaim the principles of salvation.

Pres. Sharp esteemed it a very great privilege to meet with so many of his brethren from Zion and the Saints of the Nottingham Conference. It afforded him pleasure to speak of the good things of the kingdom, and to testify that the very Gospel of Jesus Christ was again upon the earth, and that its blessings were enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints.

Pres. Carrington spoke at considerable length upon the condition of the Saints in these lands, and hoped the day of their deliverance might speedily come.

6 p.m.

Pres. Carrington delivered an excellent discourse to a large and attentive congregation.

OSMOND B. SHAW, Clerk of Con.

THE JAMES FOSTER, JR.

The ill-fated ship James Foster, Jr., now lies on the New York side, close to Fulton ferry, so close that thousands who, during the last few days, have had occasion to cross have seen the hated name. The James Foster, Jr., cannot too soon cease to exist. The name can never again be mentioned with respect. The atrocities with which her name must be lastingly associated can never be either forgotten or forgiven. When no public press existed, when the tyranny which pirates took pleasure in exercising was common, the James Foster, Jr., might have got along well enough; but we are now too far advanced in the nineteenth century to have any patience with tyranny and brutality and murder, even on board ship, where a captain is supposed to be above all law. We are sorry to learn that Captain Armstrong is no more. We never take any pleasure in pursuing the dead. It is always our wish to say of the dead, "Let them rest in peace." Sometimes, however, public interests are so strong that individnal interests must be held subordinate. The case of the James Foster, Jr., is just such a case. Mr. Charles H. Marshall has issued a circular, in which he uses the old argument that because a man is gone and therefore unable to speak for himself we ought to be silent. We are willing to be reasonable. We shall pronounce no more harsh judgments until we have further evidence. But further evidence we must have. The captain's death must not be allowed to affect the course of justice. The investigation must go on as if nothing of the kind had happened. If the officers are found guiltless, by all means let them be acquitted. Let them have the full benefit. If, however, they are found to have been guilty, let no maudlin sentimentality be allowed to come in the way. On Wednesday next we shall expect to learn that the investigation has gone on, nothing affected by the death of Captain Armstrong.

DIED.—The captain of the James Foster, Jr., we cannot but believe, has paid the heavy penalty of his life for his own dereliction of duty. He has died of the fever he caught from the passengers—that dreadful "ship fever," that is never found on well managed vessels where the emigrants are treated with fair humanity, and where there are proper hygienic regulations, and that infallibly is found on ships where there is a default of these, and where privation and barbarity combine to make the passage of the emigrant to our shores the most dreadful ordeal that human creatures go through.—*New York Herald, March* 19.

One of the greatest evils in the world is that men praise more than practice virtue. The praise of honest industry is on every tongue; but it is very rare that the worker is respected more than the drone.

MILK.

The milk of the cow is so valuable as an article of human food that any deficiency in its supply, or any adulteration of the article, may be properly looked upon as a serious evil. In the appendex to the fifth report of the medical officer of the Privy Council, Dr. Edward Smith has an article on the "Nourishment of the Distressed Operatives in Lancashire," and, in treating of "the economies of diet," points out the great benefits attending the use of milk, and asserts that no other food offers a like amount of nutriment at so moderate a price. Summing up his conclusions, Dr. Smith goes on to observe concerning milk:—"Hence, considering its great inherent value, the absolute necessity which exists for it in early life, its fitness for all ages, and the economy in its use, I think it ought to enter into dietaries wherever it can be obtained abundantly and cheaply. It moreover offers the great advantage of requiring neither skill nor time in cooking it." In his treatise on "Practical Dietary," the same authority observes:—"Any dietary which has for its purpose the improvement of nutrition, and the increase of the bulk of the body, must abound in both animal and vegetable food; and it will be successful in proportion as it is digestible, as the quantity which is taken, and as the body has the faculty to form fat and to retain fluids. Of all foods, new milk is that to be the most relied upon, since it possesses nitrogenous matter, fat, and sugar, in abundance, and in a form which is the most readily admissible into the circulation." The value of milk in the diet of children can scarcely be overestimated. Mr. Chadwick has remarked that, as "the foundation of the adult is laid in childhood and youth, so our strongest and best laborers are developed from children fed on milk mixed with oatmeal, bread, or potatoes. Our strongest navvies are from the hill districts of Lancashire; our strongest laborers from Cumberland and Westmorland, and from the hill districts of Scotland, where milk is always a large portion of the food of the family. These, too, are the favorite recruiting grounds for guardsmen and soldiers of the greatest size and strength." Dr. Hassall observes—"From the fact that persons may be entirely sustained upon a diet of milk for an indefinite period, it may be concluded that that fluid must contain all the elements necessary for the growth and sustenance of the human body—a view the correctness of which is fully established by chemical research." As a singular instance of how nature is able to make milk a source of nourishment, we may allude to the fact mentioned by Professor Voelcker, that in the case of carnivorous animals, "no other food will at all compare with it." Solid butcher's meat contains less nutriment and more water than this description of milk. Nature has provided for the nourishment of a puppy a liquid form of food which can only be equalled by strong beef-tea. Cows' milk of good quality is heavier than water in the proportion of 103 to 100. Viewed under the microscope the milk appears as a transparent fluid, in which float innumerable small round or egg-shaped semi-opaque bodies called milk globules, to which the milk owes its opacity and color. The fluid is a solution of curd, or casein, albumen, milk-sugar, and mineral matters. The milk globules are thin shells of curd, or casein, enveloping fatty matters, which are the fats of butter. In good milk the diameter of these globules will range from the 20,000th part of an inch up to the 25,000th part. In cream may be found globules having a diameter as large as the 1500th of an inch. Cream consists almost wholly of these fat globules. Poor milk has fewer globules than rich milk, and these of lesser size, the diameter of the largest being probably about the 5000th part of an inch. Owing to the fatty nature of the milk globules, they are higher than the general body of the milk, and have a tendency to rise to the surface, where they accumulate and form cream. Accordingly cream is lighter than milk, though heavier than water, and milk may be diminished in density by its richness in fat.

Thus, skimmed milk is heavier than new milk, though only in a slight degree. Upon an average, good milk has 10 per cent. of its bulk cream. If this cream be skimmed off, and 10 per cent. of water added to the milk, the specific gravity of such skimmed and watered milk will be about the same as that of good new milk. But while the original gravity of the new milk is preserved, the appearance is altogether destroyed, skimmed milk with 10 per cent. of water being so blue and transparent as to tell its own tale. If certain coloring and thickening matters be introduced, then even the appearance may be consistent with the character of good milk. But there will be no cream, and this fact will at once condemn the article. Substantially there are two methods of dealing with the quality of milk, one having reference to its specific gravity, and the other having reference to the proportion of cream. Milk which has a specific gravity of 1.025, or less, is either mixed with water or is naturally very poor. The proportion of water in such a case may be as much as 20 per cent. But even if the specific gravity be correct, it is necessary that the due proportion of cream be present, for we have already seen that milk is made heavier by the abstraction of cream, and may be afterwards lightened to the normal standard by the introduction of water. But it is necessary to observe that in testing the quality of a supply of milk in reference to its proportion of cream, a series of observations should be made, and the average taken. Thus a family should have the daily supply of milk tested for a week or more, and ascertain the average per-centage of cream for that period.—*Standard.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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The Thunderstorms in North Yorkshire.—The violent thunderstorms which attended the gale and snowstorms of March 26, 27 and 28 have done far greater damage than was supposed. In many places reports come in of killed stock and uprooted trees by lightning and wind.

A Remarkable Family.—An American paper says that Sheffield (Vermont) boasts of a somewhat remarkable family—that of Joseph H. and Comfort Ingalls. To begin with, all the children of that couple, ten in number, (six boys and four girls,) are still living, the oldest being 68 and the youngest 48 years old. In the second place, they average 200 lb. each, the heaviest weighing 260 and the lightest 180. The ten weigh just 2000 lb., and when the father and mother were alive the family of twelve members weighed a little over 2400 lb. Most of the girls weigh over 200 lb. each. The tallest boy is six feet and three inches, and none of the boys stop short of six feet.

Fever and Famine in Russia.—A St. Petersburg correspondent sends a fearful account of the state of things in the Baltic provinces of the Russian empire. Several bad harvests have been followed by fever, which strikes down the people in all directions. The description of their gaunt, fever, and famine striken state is most painful. Unfortunately, too, the roads into these provinces are so few and so bad that on the one hand news of the suffering is long in reaching the capital, and help is equally long in getting to the sufferers.

The Wealthy Sect of Russian Fanatics.—A St. Petersburg correspondent says that every day brings to light fresh details respecting the Celibate Brotherhood of Morshtchansk, which appears to have struck its roots deeper into the country than was at first imagined. Members of the sect are now being discovered in all parts of the country, and fresh hoards of treasures unearthed in every direction. Those at present under examination display remarkable fearlessness and audacity, appearing prepared for any severity that may be execised upon them. The general nature of their system is now made sufficiently clear by the confession of three or four newly-enrolled members; but all the particulars are so incredible, as well as so hideously revolting, that we forbear to specify them.

Agricultural machines: Farm laborers.—*Punch.*

HOME-MADE PORCELAIN.—Mr. William Reise, a native of Prussia, but latterly of Philadelphia, called at our office this morning with some first class specimens of plain, pure white porcelain, and firebrick, manufactured in this city. The specimens,—a miniature vase and pitcher,—were firefaced, that is, they are of a quality that will stand any degree of heat without undergoing change in form, being equal to porcelain of French or Prussian manufacture, and far superior to English porcelain. Mr. Reis says that close by this city, there is an unlimited supply of the materials necessary to manufacture porcelain, ironstone, china, window glass and fire brick of a quality that can not be surpassed in the world. This is excellent news for our Territory, and, coming from Mr. Reis, who was formerly chief director of the Royal porcelain works in Prussia, its authenticity can not be doubted.—*Deseret Evening News.*

WEATHER PHENOMENA ON THE CONTINENT.—A Neapolitan correspondent writes—"For a fortnight all the scourges of the elements have been let loose upon us. Rain, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, and tempestuous winds have assailed us from day to day, astonishing every one by the strangeness of the phenomena. One day last week Naples was covered with a light yellow dust which had no affinity with anything on Vesuvius. The report of pending eruption got about, but Professor Palmieri announced that the mountain was in its normal state, and that the dust or sand was brought by the tempestuous south-east wind from Africa. A similar incident, noted by a German writer, ocurred some years ago." Another correspondent, referring to weather phenomena in other parts of the continent, says—"The end of the present winter will have been found more inclement than the months of December and January; the mountains of the Cevennes and the Alps are covered with snow, and even the environs of Toulon and Nice at the present moment resemble the countries of the north. Under the influence of an easy north-east wind Provence has lost its almond crop as it did last year; the vineyards of Languedoc, which were in a forward state of vegetation, seem to be menaced; the fruit trees are despoiled of their blossoms, which came out too early; lastly, the rigorous temperature and the violent winds have injured the country districts. The sea has not been less agitated, and shipwrecks are reported on all the coasts of the Mediterranean. The storms of the week have been almost everywhere accompanied by enormous hailstones, and the same phenomena have been observed in the provinces of the north of Spain. Near Barcelona the ground has been several mornings white with the hail congealed into a mass.

At the Cape of Good Hope a tract of country 400 miles long, and varying in breadth from 15 to 150 miles, had been desolated by a fire unparalleled in the annals of the colony. The weather had been unusually hot and dry for the previous six weeks. On the 9th of February the temperature throughout the colony rose to more intense heat than ever previously known. During the morning scorching hot winds blew from N.E., and in the afternoon a fire broke out at several places in the burnt district, and wrapped millions of acres in an enormous conflagration. The cultivated lands, farm buildings, native forests and bush farm stock, and wild animals, shared the same fate. In a few hours hundreds of pounds worth of property was destroyed. The European colonists and natives alike suffered, and in the majority of cases the sufferers lost all they possessed. Several persons were also burnt to death. The casualties in the majority of cases occurred to the natives, and to the wives and children of the colonists. Those saved had to take shelter in the rivers, water dams, and wet ditches, where many of them were badly scorched. The calamity occurring just after the harvest, which was an unusually good one, has destroyed its produce, and caused great distress in the districts of Swellendam, Riversdale, Mossel Bay, George and Oudtsboorn, the Kayana Humansdorf, and Wittenage. It is believed that the damage would have extended further but for the rain setting in. Meetings have been held in the colony to relieve the sufferers, and an appeal has been sent home to England.—*Liverpool Mercury.*